

ONE-ACT DRAMAS

By Juliet Garver

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One-Act Dramas

- 2 -

ONE-ACT DRAMAS

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN - (3 w, 2 m)

GUN LAWS, ANYONE? - (1 w, 1 m)

THE GAME OF LIFE - (1 w, 2 m)

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

By Juliet Garver

A Play Based on the Poem by Robert Frost

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DONNA: 16, a former student.

BOB: 17, her husband.

SUSAN: A high school friend.

RANDY: A high school acquaintance.

NURSE

SCENE 1: A DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM

(AT RISE: DONNA is reading a magazine. SUSAN, a cute teenager dressed in the latest fashions, enters.)

SUSAN: Donna. Donna Johnson! I haven't seen you since we had a freshman gym class together.

DONNA: *(Nods, smiles.)* It's Donna Newman now. I got married last Christmas.

SUSAN: That's right. *(Sits down next to HER.)* I heard you were married. And to Bob Newman, the big football star.

DONNA: *(Nods.)* Yes. Bob's my husband.

SUSAN: And you quit school?

DONNA: Yes. I may come back though ... after I have the baby. If I can get a baby-sitter.

SUSAN: *(Friendly.)* Well, if you do come back, you don't have to worry about a date for the prom, do you?

DONNA: *(Laughs.)* No. I'll have a date, for sure.

SUSAN: But the uncertainty is kind of fun, too. There's a boy in my English class I have my eye on. And there's a boy in my drama class whom I like, too. Too bad I can't go to the prom with both of them. Of course, neither one has asked me ... yet.

DONNA: I remember when I used to worry about things like that.

One-Act Dramas

- 4 -

SUSAN: You're lucky. Now you don't have to worry any more.

DONNA: Oh, I have other worries now. (*Hesitates, looks down.*) There are always bills to pay, and Bob's mother is always criticizing everything I do. I never can do anything right, according to her.

SUSAN: Say, you're not sorry, are you?

DONNA: No. I'd be crazy to be sorry now, with the baby coming. My mother wanted me to wait till I was eighteen to get married but I ... I don't know. I was so anxious to get out of the house. You see, Mom got remarried two years ago, and I can't stand my stepfather. I think he was glad to see me go, too.

SUSAN: Yeah, I get the picture.

DONNA: They were always fighting, yelling. I felt I was in the way. Now I have an apartment of my own. I mean, our apartment, and Bob and I don't fight. It's nice and restful.

SUSAN: That's great.

DONNA: Well, sometimes I get upset but I try not to say anything. I mean, when Mom was married to my dad, they were always fighting about something. I was even glad when they got divorced. But now it's almost as bad with Mom and her new husband. I don't want to live like that. It's like living in the middle of a nightmare, day and night.

SUSAN: I don't blame you. (*Checks watch, looks offstage left to dentist's inner office door.*) Oh, I hope the dentist doesn't keep me waiting too long. All the downtown stores have big sales, and I want to go buy some new clothes.

DONNA: I'd love a new dress but we have to save money for the baby. I did buy a few maternity blouses and skirts but we're trying not to spend too much on ourselves. It's hard. Sometimes Bob buys such foolish things but how can I complain? He works so hard, such long hours and, you know, sometimes I feel like he's still a kid, and I'm the only one that's grown up.

NURSE: (*Enters from offstage left.*) Mrs. Newman?

DONNA: That's me. *(Smiles and rises.)* It was nice seeing you, Susan. I enjoyed talking to you.

SUSAN: Me too. I wish you could go shopping with me when we're through.

DONNA: I wish I could but I have a service man coming to fix my refrigerator this afternoon. Maybe next time.

SUSAN: Maybe.

SCENE 2: ON A BUS

(AT RISE: BOB is already seated when RANDY, carrying schoolbooks, sits down next to him.)

RANDY: *(Stares a moment.)* Say, aren't you Bob Newman?

BOB: Yes, yes I am but ... *(Is puzzled.)*

RANDY: Oh, you don't know me but I've seen you play football... last year when we won the city championship. That was some game. I'll never forget it.

BOB: Me too.

RANDY: You were really terrific.

BOB: *(Very pleased.)* Thanks.

RANDY: I always wanted to play football but I'm not heavy enough. Well, maybe I'm also not good enough. I've tried.

BOB: It's a great game.

RANDY: I suppose all the colleges are after you. Offering you all kinds of scholarships. Thousands of dollars. All over the country, I'll bet.

BOB: *(Looks away.)* No. I quit school.

RANDY: *(Surprised.)* Quit? Mind if I ask how come?

BOB: I got married.

RANDY: Oh, wow, I didn't know.

BOB: We didn't have to get married. We wanted to.

RANDY: I didn't mean to imply ...

BOB: *(Smiles wryly.)* People always do.

One-Act Dramas

- 6 -

RANDY: But why couldn't you finish the year and graduate?

BOB: Sounds simple, huh?

RANDY: No. Maybe not.

BOB: Not so simple. I tried and Donna wanted me to go to school but, well, there just wasn't enough money in part-time jobs and when I worked full time, I fell asleep in school so I quit. Now I go to night school. I'll graduate either next summer or by the end of next year. It's hard going to school at night after working all day.

RANDY: *(Sympathetically.)* I'll bet.

BOB: But I have no choice. We have a baby due in November.

RANDY: You're not sorry, are you? I mean about being married.

BOB: No. I still feel the same way about Donna but ...

RANDY: I know it's not my business, and I'm usually not so nosy.

BOB: It's all right. I feel like talking. If you don't mind listening.

RANDY: *(Shrugs.)* No, go ahead. It's a long bus ride home, especially in rush hour traffic.

BOB: *(Confidentially.)* Well, sometimes I wish we had waited. At least till after graduation. I miss being in school and miss my friends.

RANDY: And the football team?

BOB: *(Nods.)* Especially the football team. My mother keeps telling me I was too young to get married. I'm beginning to think she's right. I wish she wouldn't keep saying it all the time. I want to spend time with my friends but on Saturdays, I have to take Donna grocery shopping, and on Sundays Donna wants to go to department stores and furniture stores, which I just hate.

RANDY: Why don't you tell her?

BOB: No. I have a feeling that Donna does a lot of things she doesn't like, too. And I do want to buy things. I work so hard. Last week, I did a crazy thing. I bought an expensive camera.

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